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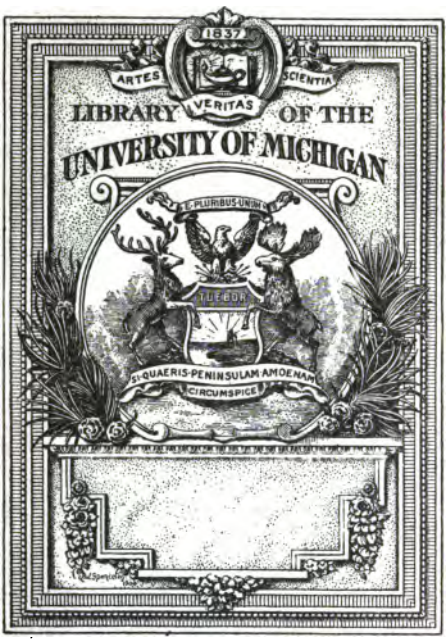

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A PARADISE OF ENGLISH POETRY

ARRANGED BY

H. C. BEECHING

Flos poetarum fuit
Qui nunc abierunt hinc in communem locum,
Absentes prosunt sed tamen praesentibus.
Vos omnes opere magno esse oratos volo
Benigne ut operam detis ad nostrum gregem.
PLAUTUS

VOL. I

NEW YORK
MACMILLAN & CO
1893

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AMICIS · BALLIOLENSIBVS

A.C.B · J.W.M · J.B.B.N

PHILOMVSIS · MVSOPHILIS

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From tiresome ease, from idle toil,
O blest who timely turns his flight
To tread the consecrated soil,
To contemplate the perfect light,
Apollo's humble Anchorite,
Secure to dwell and save his soul;—
But when the Master's hands enrol
The names of those that served him best,
Whose name were lowest on the scroll,
O doubly he and trebly blest!

B. N.

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PREFACE

AT the outset some explanation will be desired of the principles underlying this Anthology. In the first place, then, the title may be interpreted not only in its proper sense of an enclosed garden, but more particularly of a garden of the dead; no poems being admitted by living authors. Again, none are admitted which are still copyright. These limitations necessarily exclude many poems which the reader, having them on the surface of his memory, may expect to find in the various sections; but, on the other hand, they allow more space for the older poets who are probably less familiar. And a candid reader who compares the most modern expression of an idea with some older one contained in this volume, will not uniformly find the preponderance on the side of the former, superb

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as the poetic production of the last half century in England has been. Sonnets have been excluded because, in the Editor's judgment, they do not mix well with lyric and dramatic poetry, but are best read, as they have been best written, in a sequence. The selections from the drama are such as express general truths, and do not depend for their comprehension or force upon particular characters and circumstances. Great care has been bestowed to secure an accurate text; but the Editor has not hesitated to omit lines and stanzas that for any reason seemed best omitted. In important cases such omissions are pointed out in the notes.

YATTENDON RECTORY.

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Power above powers! O heavenly Eloquence!
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence
Of men's affections more than all their swords;
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men
Better than force or rigour can direct;
Should we this ornament of glory, then,
As the immaterial fruits of shades neglect?
Whenas our accent, equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed
Comes bettered by the patience of the north.

Daniel

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LOVE

A

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O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Shakespeare

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THE POTENCY OF LOVE

OTHER slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

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From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKESPEARE

DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE COULD LOVE

A face that should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel:
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell:
The tress also should be of crispèd gold.
With wit and these might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

WYATT

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art,
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart:

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So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense ;
And her virtues grace her birth ;
Lovely as all excellence ;
Modest in her most of mirth :
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is : and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so
That she be but somewhile young ;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

BROWNE

AND would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flowery garden place,
Where knots of beauties have such grace
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
Where day is breeding, never born ;
It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

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It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:
It is th' Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles:
Where Death and Love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feign'd Elysium's truth:
The spring, that winter'd hearts renew'th;
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

CAMPION

A WELCOME

Welcome, welcome! do I sing
Far more welcome than the spring:
He that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that to the voice is near
Breaking from your ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing . . .

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome . . .

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Love, that still may see your cheeks,
  Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
  Other lilies, other roses.
    Welcome, welcome . . .

Love, to whom your soft lips yields,
  And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields
  Never, never shall be missing.
    Welcome, welcome . . .

Love, that question would anew
  What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
  And a brief of that behold.
    Welcome, welcome . . .

BROWNE

THE PILGRIMAGE

As you came from the holy land
  Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
  By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
  That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
  That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
  But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
  In the earth or the air.

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Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now old, as you see:
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past,
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

But true love is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

RALEIGH

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THE IDEA REALISED

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be:
Still when to where thou wert I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see;
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh and else could nothing do,
More subtil than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

DONNE

THE HEART'S VENTURE

As careful merchants do expecting stand
(After long time and merry gales of wind)
Upon the place where their brave ship must land,
So wait I for the vessel of my mind.

Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will valued be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crowned
The golden wishes of an age before.

Oh hasten then, and if thou be not gone
Unto that wished traffic through the main,

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My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back again.

If in the mean rude waves have it opprest
It shall suffice, I ventured at the best.

BROWNE

SONG

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE

MADRIGAL

My love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty doth she miss
When all her robes are on,
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

ANON.

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TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linens o'er your skin,
Your skin that 's whiter far ;—
Casting a dusky cloud before a star?

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?
They, neighbour to your eyes,
Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

COWLEY

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part :
No, nor for a constant heart !
For these may fail or turn to ill :
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why !
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

ANON.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,

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Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of goodwill
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

SKELTON

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TO MISTRESS MARGERY

With margerain gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.
Plainly, I cannot glose;
Ye be, as I divine,
The pretty primërose,
The goodly columbine.

Benign, courteous, and meek,
With wordës well devised;
In you, who list to seek,
Be virtues well comprised.
With margerain gentle,
The flower of goodlihead,
Embroidered the mantle
Is of your maidenhead.

SKELTON

SILVIA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

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Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

SHAKESPEARE

DOUBT you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharg'd, to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only for you the heav'n forgat all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness planteth?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

SIDNEY

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CHARIS' TRIUMPH

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
  Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
  And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
    Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
    But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Thorough swords, thorough seas, whither she
  would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
  All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
  As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
    Than words that soothe her;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
    Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triùmphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
  Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow,
  Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
    Or swan's down ever?

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Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she!

JONSON

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

JONSON

CAMPASPE

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose

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Growing on s cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

LYLYE

CHLORIS IN THE SNOW

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
When feathered rain came softly down,—
Then Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower;
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thawed into a tear;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her froze into a gem.

CAREW

ASK me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

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Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

CAREW

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When as if its sound were causing
The charmèd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming
And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of summer's ocean.

BYRON

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TO LAURA

Rose-cheeked Laura, come!
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed,
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord;

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing
Ever perfect, ever in them-
Selves eternal.

CAMPION

ODE

Sweet love, mine only treasure,
For service long unfeigned,
Wherein I nought have gained;
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell me in what part
My lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender
Like golden nets, entwined,
Which fire and art have fined;

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Her thrall my heart I render
For ever to abide
With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not look to find it;
I only wish it sight,
To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deigned
With kindness to receive it,
I am content to leave it,
Though death thereby were gained;
Then, lady, take your own
That lives for you alone.

A. W.

AN ODD CONCEIT

Lovely kind and kindly loving,
Such a mind were worth the moving:
Truly fair and fairly true,—
Where are all these but in you?

Wisely kind and kindly wise,
Blessed life, where such love lies!
Wise and kind and fair and true,—
Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear and dearly sweet,
Blessed, where these blessings meet!
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true,—
Blessed be all these in you!

BRETON

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AUBADE

I

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies!
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is—my lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

SHAKESPEARE

II

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings.
Awake! awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

DAVENANT

III

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow,
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

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Wake from thy nest, Robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill,
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HEYWOOD.

IV

Phœbus, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she thy cáreer may with roses spread:
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing:
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark.

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This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise;
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue;
Here is the pleasant place
And everything, save her, who all should grace.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

SERENADE

I

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;

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And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee.

HERRICK

II

Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changèd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Digitized by Google

Well, in absence this will die;
  Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
  Can learn how my self to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove;
  Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove;
  With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if you new beauties see,
  Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be
  (*Image-like, of saints' perfection*)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
  Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite;
  Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

SIDNEY

III

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

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The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

SHELLEY

COME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine,
Love loves no delay: thy sight,
The more enjoyed, the more divine:
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss;
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light.

CAMPION

Digitized by Google

A FANCY

First shall the heav'ns want starry light,
  The seas be robbèd of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
  The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flow'rs and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills,
  By humble plains be overpried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
  And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to peace,
  And love relent in deep Disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
  And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
  And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
  And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name!

LODGE

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DEAR, if you change, I 'll never choose again ;
Sweet, if you shrink, I 'll never think of love ;
Fair, if you fail, I 'll judge all beauty vain ;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I 'll never prove,
Dear, sweet, fair, wise ! change, shrink, nor be not weak ;
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move :
Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flame be born ;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove :
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

ANON.

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote
Fancying that that harmed me :
Yet when this thought doth come
' Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such,
As nothing can be sweeter.

Digitized by Google

Fair house of joy and bliss
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

ANON.

SONG

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Hey ho!

DANIEL

He or she that hopes to gain
Love's best sweet without some pain,
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears,

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither.

ANON.

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MADRIGAL

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

ANON.

TWO LOVES

Brown is my love but graceful;
And each renowned whiteness
Matched with thy lovely brown loseth its brightness.

Fair is my love but scornful;
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prized.

ANON.

CRUEL BEAUTY

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

COWLEY

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KIND are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers,
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words
Wing my hopes in vain.
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom
When we submit to women so:
Why do we need 'em
When, in their best, they work our woe?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends by fate prefixt.
O, why is the good of man with evil mixt?
Never were days yet callèd two
But one night went betwixt.

CAMPION

LOVE'S PRISONER

How sweet I roamed from field to field
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

Digitized by Google

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

BLAKE

SONG

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I 'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

BLAKE

Digitized by Google

PHILLIS

Love guards the roses of thy lips,
  And flies about them like a bee:
If I approach he forward skips,
  And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower
  And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lour
  And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

LODGE

Phillis is my only joy,
  Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
  Yet she never fails to please:
    If with a frown
    I am cast down,
    Phillis smiling,
    And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho' alas, too late I find
  Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
  I forgive her all her tricks:
    Which tho' I see,
    I can't get free:
    She deceiving,
    I believing:
What need lovers wish for more?

SEDLEY

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FORGET NOT YET

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss.
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved;
Forget not yet!

WYATT

YEA OR NAY

Madam, withouten many words
Once I am sure you will or no:
And if you will, then leave your bords,*
And use your wit and show it so.

* Tricks.

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For with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one that burns alway
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.

If it be yea, I shall be fain:
If it be nay, friends as before,
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

WYATT

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?

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Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WITHER

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find—
That heart I'll give to thee.

Digitized by Google

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I 'll despair
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

HERRICK

A CAVALIER'S WOOING

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;

Digitized by Google

My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But if thou wilt be constant then
And faithful of thy word,
I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I 'll deck and crown thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

MONTROSE

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the *He* and *She*,—

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow
Or, if they do, deride,—

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the worthies did;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

DONNE

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AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.*
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

WYATT

* Sorrow.

Digitized by Google

OF A WOMAN'S HEART

O faithless world, and thy most faithless part
A woman's heart,
The true shop of variety, where sits
Nothing but fits
And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,
Which toys remove.
Why was she born to please, or I to trust
Words writ in dust,
Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,
My pain for air,
And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
The food of youth?
Untrue she was, yet I believed her eyes,
Instructed spies,
Till I was taught that love was but a school
To breed a fool.
Or sought she more by triumphs of denial
To make a trial
How far her smiles commanded my weakness?
Yield and confess!
Excuse no more thy folly; but, for cure,
Blush and endure
As well thy shame as passions that were vain;
And think 'tis gain
To know that love lodged in a woman's breast
Is but a guest.

WOTTON

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;

Digitized by Google

And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon;
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest pain,
Trow not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past—
My lute, be still, for I have done.

WYATT

Digitized by Google

MYRA

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet with true love-knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arms was bound
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes!

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatchèd with desire,
Was ever warnèd modesty to keep
While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire:
Must I look on a-cold while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties white?
Yet would she never write her love to me.
Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in delight!
Mad girls may safely love as they may leave;
No man can *print* a kiss: lines may deceive.

BROOKE

Digitized by Google

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE

When raging love with extreme pain
Most cruelly distrains my heart:
When that my tears as floods of rain
Bear witness of my woful smart;
When sighs have wasted so my breath,
That I lie at the point of death:

I call to mind the navy great
That the Greeks brought to Troyëtown,
And how the boisterous wind did beat
Their ships and rend their sails adown;
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeased the gods, that them withstood:

And how that in those ten years' war
Full many a bloody deed was done,
And many a lord that came full far
There caught his bane (alas,) too soon;
And many a good knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had Helen won;

Then think I thus—since such repair,
So long time war of valiant men,
Was all to win a lady fair,
Shall I not learn to suffer then,
And think my time well spent to be,
Serving a worthier wight than she?

Therefore I never will repent
But pains contented still endure.
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure,
So after raging storms of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

SURREY

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SONG

Take, oh take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
    Bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
    Sealed in vain.

SHAKESPEARE

A DYING FALL

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul, I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend;
Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

CAMPION

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A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND HIS HEART

At her fair hands how have I grace entreated,
With prayers oft repeated!
Yet still my love is thwarted:
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted—
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no;
She is most fair though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,
Wherein I daily languish!
Yet doth she still procure it:
Heart, let her go, for I can not endure it.
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no;
She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, sighs, tears, do show her,
And shall she still disdain me?
Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain me.
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no;
She made me hers, and hers she will retain me.

But if the love that hath, and still doth burn me,
No love at length return me,
Out of my thoughts I'll set her.
Heart, let her go; oh, heart, I pray thee, let her.
Say, shall she go?
O no, no, no, no, no;
Fixed in the heart, how can the heart forget her?

W. DAVISON

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TRUE AND FALSE LOVE

Love seeketh not itself to please,
  Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
  And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Love seeketh only self to please,
  To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
  And builds a hell in heaven's despite.

BLAKE

SONG

Where shall the lover rest,
  Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
  Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
  Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
  Under the willow.

Chorus—

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
  Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
  Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever,

Digitized by Google

Never again to wake,
Never, O never!
Chorus—
Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying.
Chorus—
Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!
Chorus—
Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

SCOTT

TO HIS COY LOVE

A CANZONET

I pray thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore
That can but will not save me.

Digitized by Google

These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O these are but too powerful charms
And do but more enthral me.
But see how patient I am grown
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone;
I cannot live without thee.

DRAYTON

THE POET-WOOER

I now think Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be
That she
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind:
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet
As hath the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Digitized by Google

Oh, but my conscious fears
That fly my thoughts between
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt her ears.

JONSON

HALFWAY IN LOVE

Fair friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that praise disdain,
My thoughts feel th' influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access,
Ready to multiply:
But like love's calmest state it is
Possest with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created, or induced
By imagination.

Digitized by Google

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

JONSON

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease;

No peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
Beyond is agony.

MRS. GREVILLE

TIME is the feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing,
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.

Digitized by Google

His minutes while they're told,
Do make us old,
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire,
  Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

MAYNE

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so; or though you are
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem:
For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestowed on you by nature
To be enjoyed, and 'twere a sin,
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces;

Digitized by Google

Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy.
The sport you lose by being coy.
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm: be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant,
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;

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For when the storms of time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shined;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lover never:
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute:
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

CAREW

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood

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And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart;
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
Now therefore while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

MARVELL

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A DIRGE

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;
For Love is dead:
  All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
  Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And faith fair scorn doth gain.
    From so ungrateful fancy,
    From such a female frenzy,
    From them that use men thus,
    Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
  His deathbed, peacock's Folly;
His winding-sheet is Shame:
  His will, False Seeming wholly;
His sole executor, blame.
    From so ungrateful fancy,
    From such a female frenzy,
    From them that use men thus,
    Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
  Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;
  Which epitaph containeth,
'Her eyes were once his dart.'
    From so ungrateful fancy,
    From such a female frenzy,
    From them that use men thus,
    Good Lord, deliver us!

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Alas, I lie; rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;
  Love is not dead, but sleepeth,
In her unmatchèd mind,
  Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
    Therefore from so vile fancy,
    To call such wit a frenzy,
    Who Love can temper thus,
    Good Lord, deliver us!

SIDNEY

ONE word is too often profaned
  For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
  For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
  For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
  Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
  But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
  And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
  Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow?

SHELLEY

WHEN passion's trance is overpast
If tenderness and truth could last,

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Or live whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—and burn, and be
The secret food of fires unseen—
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets re-appear;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea,—but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

SHELLEY

TO HIS MISTRESS

ON THE SEAL OF HER LETTER

Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,
I took it to be thine;
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit
To send mine own to me:
And send it in a worse estate
Than it was sent to thee.

O heavens, how wouldst thou use a heart
That should rebellious be,
Since thou hast been unkind to that
Which so much honoured thee?

DONNE

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Now sleep, and take thy rest,
Once grieved and pained wight,
Since now she loves thee best
Who is thy heart's delight.
Let joy be thy soul's guest,
And care be banished quite,
Since she hath thee expressed
To be her favourite.

MABBE

OF KISSING

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain,
Here's none to spy, or see,
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone;
Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong;
This could be called but half a kiss:
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

JONSON

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;

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Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

SHELLEY

AND truly I would rather be struck dumb
Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly;
As does the nightingale, up-perchèd high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunchèd leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth:
What I know not: but who of men can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish could have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

KEATS

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TO CASTARA

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE

Where sleeps the north wind when the south inspires
Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
The scattered nightingales? whose subtle ears
Heard first th' harmonious language of the spheres?
Whence hath the stone magnetic force t' allure
Th' enamoured iron? from a seed impure
Or natural did first the mandrake grow?
What power in th' ocean makes it ebb and flow?
What strange materials is the azure sky
Compacted of? of what its brightest eye,
The ever flaming sun? what people are
In th' unknown world? what worlds in every star?
Let curious fancies at this secret rove:
Castara, what we know we'll practise, love.

HABINGTON

AGAINST WEEPING

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrowed looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

KING

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I saw my Lady weep
And sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair
And Passion wise; tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

ANON.

SORROW

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes Sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distilled from thee:
Sorrow's best jewels be in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her bright majesty,
For she is a Queen!
Then is she dressed by none but thee;

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Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls;—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair:
Nowhere but here doth meet,
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

CRASHAW

ODE

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Absence, hear thou my protestation,
Against thy strength,
Distance and length:
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary,
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions:
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

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By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain,
There I embrace and kiss her;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

DONNE

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once like paper set on fire
Burn and expire.
True love did never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

The noble flame which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled,
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead,
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade;
My very ashes in their urn
Shall like a hallowed lamp for ever burn.

CAREW

TO LUCASTA

ON HIS GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;

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Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing grave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,—
Our faith and troth,
(Like separated souls)
All time and space controls;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive in the skies
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA

ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,—
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

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Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

LOVELACE

TO ALTHEA

FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

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Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE

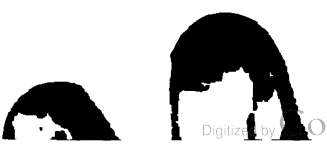
TO HIS LOVE

ON GOING A JOURNEY

Sweetest love, I do not go
  For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
  A fitter love for me;
    But since that I
  Must die at last, 'tis best
  Thus to use myself in jest
    By feignèd death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
  And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
  Nor half so short a way:
    Then fear not me,
  But believe that I shall make
  Hastier journeys, since I take
    More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's pow'r!
  That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
  Nor a lost hour recall;
    But come bad chance,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And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st
If in thine my life thou waste,
Which art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be!

DONNE

A VALEDICTION

FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
'Now his breath goes,' and some say 'No';

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

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Moving of th' Earth brings harms and fears,
  Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
  Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love
  (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit',
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
  The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined,
  That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
  Care less eyes, lips, and hand, to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
  Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
  Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
  As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
  To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
  Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
  And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
  Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
  And makes me end where I begun.

DONNE

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THE ABSENT LOVER

Soon as she heard the name of Artegall
Her heart did leap, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret fear withal;
And all her vital powers with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves 'gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plain appeared, though she it would dissemble,
And feigned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

One while she blamed herself, another while
She him condemned as trustless and untrue,
And then, her grief with error to beguile,
She feigned to count the time again anew,
As if before she had not counted true;
For hours, but days, for weeks that passèd were
She told but months, to make them seem more few;
Yet when she reckoned them still drawing near,
Each hour did seem a month, and every month a year.

SPENSER

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage,
But, when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

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Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKESPEARE

FOREKNOWLEDGE

Little think'st thou, poor flower
Whom I have watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:
Little think'st thou
That thou, to-morrow, ere the sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

DONNE

MEMORY

So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
So from the honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done;

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So sits the turtle when she is but one,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
  Made all the summer as one day:
Which once enjoyed, cold winter's wrath
  As night they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, they know not yet
The pain to be deprived, or to forget

I oft have heard men say there be
  Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory:
  But could they teach forgetfulness,
I'd learn, and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

Sad melancholy, that persuades
  Men from themselves, to think they be
Headless, or other body's shades,
  Hath long and bootless dwelt with me.
For could I think she some idea were,
I still might love, forget, and have her here.

BROWNE

In a drear-nighted December,
  Too happy, happy tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
  Their green felicity;
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
  From budding at the prime.

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In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook!
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But, with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS

If I had but two little wings
And were a little feathery bird
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep,
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids;
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

COLERIDGE

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SONG

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIDNEY

EPITHALAMION

Ye learnèd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyèd in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside;
And having all your heads with garlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envied:
So Orpheus did for his own bride,
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

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Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake; and with fresh lustyhead
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove:
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead * that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near;
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove-wise, with a blue silk riband,
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,

* Torch.

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And diapered like the discoloured mead.
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken straight,
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing;
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet concent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,*
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,

* Mate.

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And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.

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But most of all the damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite:
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
As if it were one voice.
Hymen! io Hymen! Hymen! they do shout;
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that 'seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

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Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,

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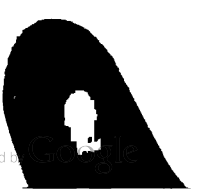
And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love!
Open them wide, that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To choose the longest day in all the year,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And shortest night, when longest fitter were:
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day;
And dance about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend;
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Haste thee, O fairest planet! to thy home
Within the western foam:
Thy tirèd steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star with golden crest
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odoured sheets and arras coverlets.

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Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone;
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

SPENSER

Now hath Flora robbed her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers:
Strow about, strow about!
The sky rained never kindlier showers.
Flowers with bridals well agree,
Fresh as brides and bridegrooms be:
Strow about, strow about!
And mix them with fit melody.
Earth hath no princelier flowers
Than roses white and roses red,
But they must still be mingled;
And as a rose new plucked from Venus' thorn,
So doth a bride her bridegroom's bed adorn.

Divers divers flowers affect
For some private dear respect:
Strow about, strow about!
Let every one his own protect;
But he's none of Flora's friend
That will not the rose commend.
Strow about, strow about!

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Let princes princely flowers defend:
Roses, the garden's pride,
Are flowers for love and flowers for kings,
In courts desirèd and weddings:
And as a rose in Venus' bosom worn,
So doth a bridegroom his bride's bed adorn.

CAMPION

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver;
Merry Spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air
Bird melodious or bird fair
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

FLETCHER

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THE golden gates of Sleep unbar,
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down—
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew!
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight:
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long!
Oh joy! Oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

SHELLEY

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HOME AFFECTIONS
AND FRIENDSHIP

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REMINISCENCE

AH! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; whenas we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed,—yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge—ah, how then
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow
Check my presumption and my forwardness;
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

DANIEL

MAN AND WIFE

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

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Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds: nor rising sun
On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

MILTON

A PERFECT WOMAN

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

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A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH

THE ANNIVERSARY

ALL kings and all their favourites,—
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,—
(The Sun itself, which makes times as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw):—
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

DONNE

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A CRADLE SONG

SWEET dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet Sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smile
All the livelong night beguile!

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs
Chase not slumber from thine eyes!
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dove-like moans beguile!

BLAKE

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing without skill to please

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Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy time prepares,
And thou shalt in thy daughter see
This picture once resembled thee.

PHILIPS

A CHILD 's a plaything for an hour;
  Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space;
  Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
  All seasons could control;

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That would have mocked the sense of pain
Out of a grievèd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber-up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

MARY LAMB

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

SEE with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound;

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Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive.
And them that yield but more despise:
Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the Spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O young beauty of the woods,
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds;
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make th' example yours;
And ere we see
Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

MARVELL

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

FIVE YEARS OLD

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passions by their letters.

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My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She 'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas, when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She 'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it),
And I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PRIOR

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity,

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That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love?

Yet, Fairest Blossom, do not slight
  That age which you may know so soon,
The rosy morn resigns her light
  And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do
Whose dawning beauty warms us so!

Hope waits upon the flowery prime,
  And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on as a time
  Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the Spring.

WALLER

TO CHLORIS

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
  As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
  No pleasure, nor no pain!
When I the dawn used to admire
  And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
  Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
  Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away
  Than youth concealed in thine:

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But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceived did fly
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art:
To make a beauty, she.

SEDLEY

TO H.C.

SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought,
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou faery voyager, that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

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I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain, O causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite,
Or lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

WORDSWORTH

A SISTER

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The sparrow's dwelling, which hard by
My father's house in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

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She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it;
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy;
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

WORDSWORTH

CHILDISH FRIENDSHIP

I

We were
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven
Boldly, 'Not guilty,' the imposition cleared
Hereditary ours.

II

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

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All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

. . . . . .

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

SHAKESPEARE

MANLY FRIENDSHIP

SINCE my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. SHAKESPEARE

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TO A FRIEND
BEFORE TAKING A JOURNEY

I HAVE examined and do find
  Of all that favour me
There 's none I grieve to leave behind
  But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
  To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
  Alas, we know not how.
We have each other so engrost
That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
  Nor shall we be confined;
Our active souls will daily go
  To learn each other's mind.
Nay, should we never meet to sense,
Our souls would hold intelligence.

Thy larger soul in me shall lie,
  And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
  And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend,
Such is the sacred name of *Friend*.

KATHERINE PHILIPS

OH, friendship, cordial of the human breast,
So little felt, so fervently exprest,
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years,
The promise of delicious fruit appears:

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But soon, alas, we find the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loved to make,
And view with tears the expected harvest lost,
Decay with time or wither by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part,
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for many a trial, strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love:
He may be called to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain;
To echo sigh for sigh and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on is most sure to fail,
And, summoned for to take its fellow's woe,
Starts from its office like a broken bow.

CRABBE

SONG

I

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!

II

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

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Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!

SHAKESPEARE

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again;
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

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I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LAMB

OFT in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

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Thus in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

MOORE

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

WHERE art thou, my belovèd Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest: and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;

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Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain;
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of Heaven have wings,
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie *us* down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den:
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

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I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

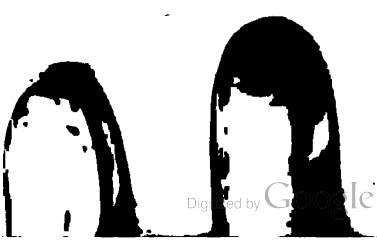
My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass;
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!

WORDSWORTH

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes



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(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The heart that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,—
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

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Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more.
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,

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The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'*
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

* From Garth's *Dispensary*.

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But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine;
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER

AUTUMNAL BEAUTY

No spring, nor summer's beauty, hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame,
Affections here take Reverence's name.
Were her first years the golden age; that's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, yet ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or else he is nowhere.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorit
Here dwells he; though he sojourn everywhere
In progress, yet his standing house is here;
Here where still evening is, not noon, nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

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If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;
If transitory things which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

DONNE

AN ODE

UPON A QUESTION MOVED WHETHER LOVE SHOULD CONTINUE FOR EVER

O NO, Belov'd, I am most sure
These virtuous habits we acquire
As being with the soul entire
Must with it evermore endure.

Else should our souls in vain elect;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hand enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And if every imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be where
All imperfection is refined!

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So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more nor you nor I;
As one another's mystery
Each shall be both, yet both but one.

HERBERT OF CHERBURY

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY

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MAN

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Man, proud man,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused!

Shakespeare

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CHILDHOOD AND AGE

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;

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A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance dost belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st th' eternal deep
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

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Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts, before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

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Can utterly abolish or destroy;
Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH

I CANNOT reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that chronicle alive
Those white designs which children drive
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With them content too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard and with it play;
Angels which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I study man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way.

VAUGHAN

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I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

HOOD

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ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?

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What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

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These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;

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The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise!
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

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Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

COLERIDGE

IN LOVE

THOU joy'st, fond boy, to be by many loved,
To have thy beauty of most dames approved;

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For this dost thou thy native worth disguise
And play'st the sycophant t' observe their eyes;
Thy glass thou counsell'st more to adorn thy skin,
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
Their hardened nerves to fit for bitter deeds.
Is 't not more joy strongholds to force with swords
Than women's weakness take with looks or words?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory:
One man for one brave act hath proved a story:
But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,
Who would record it, if not to his shame?
'Tis far more conquest with one to live true
Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

CAMPION

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clearly,
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not love so dearly;
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures are bereaved;
Little knows he how to love, that never was deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs yet unstained,
All is artless now you speak, not one word yet is feigned;

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All is heaven that you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed,
But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus hath his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely hang neglected;
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on earth dejected—
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy heart so holy,
And with sighs confess, in love that too much faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal thunder.
He that holds his sweetheart true unto his day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy the envying.

CAMPION

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many,
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!

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Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
  Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
  Although his goal be brief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

ANON.

TWO IDEALS

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger,
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
  To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
  Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
  'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!

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Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying—
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:—
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

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To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

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Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim and daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their sav'ry dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
  Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate;
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

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When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
  Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
  Towered cities please us then
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,

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With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Digitized by Google

Or that starred Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain[1]
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

[1] Purple.

Digitized by Google

Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Digitized by Google

Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine:
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

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Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

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But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON

LOOK HOME

RETIRÊD thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye;
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summèd lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

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The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To Nature's patterns adding higher skill:
Of finest works wit better could[1] the state
If force of wit had equal power of will:
Device of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think another thought can mend.

SOUTHWELL

SELF-IGNORANCE

WHEN Reason's lamp, which like the sun in sky
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear
This dying sparkle in this cloudy place
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
Seeking Man's powers, have found his weakness such:
'Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.'

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, '*He knew naught, but that he naught did know*,'
And the great mocking-master mocked not then
When he said, '*Truth was buried deep below*.'

For why should we the busy soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that or this;
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

[1] *i.e.* could better.

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All things without which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do,
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and flows of Nile;
But of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

DAVIES

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE

NATURE that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

MARLOWE

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THE SOUL COMPARED TO A RIVER

LIKE as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains;
Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
From whose soft side she first did issue make,
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake;
Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
'Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay:
Even so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,
At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things,
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:
Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought
That with her heavenly nature doth agree,
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be;
For who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health?
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

DAVIES

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TRUE KNOWLEDGE AND ITS USE

In lapse to God though thus the World remains,
  Yet doth she with divine eyes in Chaos'd light,
Strive, study, search through all her finite veins,
  To be and know (without God) infinite:
    To which end cloisters, cells, schools, she erects
    False moulds, that while they fashion do infect.

Yet here, before we can direct man's choice
  We must divide God's children from the rest;
Since these pure souls who only know His voice
  Have no art but *Obedience* for their test:
    A mystery between God, and the man,
    Asking, and giving far more than we can.

For in the world, not of it, since they be
  Like passengers, their ends must be to take
Only those blessings of mortality
  Which He that made all fashioned for their sake:
    Not fixing love, hope, sorrow, care, or fear,
    On mortal blossoms, which must die to bear.

For Earth and Earthiness it is alone
  Which envies, strives, hates, or is malcontent,
Which meteors vanish must from this clear zone,
  Where each thought is on his Creator bent,
    And where both Kings and People should aspire
    To fix all other motions of desire.

Hence have they latitudes wherein they may
  Study sea, sky, air, earth, as they enjoy them;
Contemplate the creation, state, decay
  Of mortal things in them that misemploy them,
    Preserve the body to obey the mind,
    Abhor the error yet love human-kind.

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The chief use then in man of that he knows
  Is his pains-taking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
  Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
  With bitterness, breathed out from inward thrall:
    But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or bind,
    As need requires, this frail, fall'n, human-kind.

BROOKE

BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL

FLEE from the press and dwell with soothfastness;
Suffice thine owen thing though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness;
Press hath envý, and wealth blinds overall.
Savour no more than thee behovë shall;
Rule well thyself that other folk canst rede,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

Tempest thee not all crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Much wealë stant in little business,
Beware therefore to spurn agains an awl.
Strive not as doth the crokkë with the wall.
Dauntë thyself that dauntest others deed,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
The wrestling for the world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Know thy country, look up, thank God of all;

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Hold the high-way, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

L'ENVOY

Therefore, thou vache, leave thine old wretchedness;
Unto the world leave now to be thrall.
Cry Him mercy that of his high goodness
Made thee of naught; and in especial
Draw unto Him, and pray in general
For thee, and eke for other, heavenly meed,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

CHAUCER

TO THEM THAT TRUST IN FORTUNE

THOU that art proud of honour, shape, or kin,
That heapest up this wretched worldë's treasure,
Thy fingers shrined with gold, thy tawny skin
With fresh apparel garnished out of measure,
And wenest to have fortune at thy pleasure,
Cast up thine eye, and look how slipper chance
Illud'th her men with change and variance.

Sometimes she look'th as lovely fair and bright
As goodly Venus, mother of Cupide.
She becketh and she smil'th on every wight,
But this cheer feignèd may not long abide.
There com'th a cloud, and farewell all our pride.
Like any serpent he beginn'th to swell,
And look'th as fierce as any fury of hell.

Yet for all that we brotle[1] men are fain,
(So wretched is our nature and so blind)
As soon as fortune list to laugh again

[1] Brittle, fickle.

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With fair countenance and deceitful mind,
To crouch and kneel and gape after the wind,
Not one or twain but thousands in a rout,
Like swarming bees come flickering her about,

Then as a bait she bringeth forth her ware,
Silver [and] gold, rich pearl, and precious stone;
On which the mazed people gaze and stare
And gape therefor, as dogs do for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her throne
Amid her treasure and wavering richesse
Proudly she hoveth [1] as lady and empress.

Fast by her side doth weary Labour stand,
Pale Fear also, and Sorrow all bewept,
Disdain and Hatred on that other hand,
Eke Restless Watch, from sleep with travail kept,
His eyes drowsy and looking as he slept;
Before her standeth Danger and Envý,
Flattery, Deceit, Mischief, and Tyranny.

About her cometh all the world to beg.
He asketh land, and *he* to pass would bring
This toy and that, and all not worth an egg;
He would in love prosper above all thing;
He kneeleth down and would be made a king;
He forceth [2] not so he may money have
Though all the world account him for a knave.

Lo thus ye see—divers heads, divers wits;
Fortune alone as divers as they all
Unstable here and there among them flits;
And at aventure down her giftes fall,
Catch whoso may she throweth great and small
Not to all men, as cometh sun and dew,
But for the most part all among a few.

[1] hovereth (like a bird of prey). [2] careth.

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And yet her brotel gifts long may not last.
He, that she gave them, looketh proud and high;
She whirl'th about and pluck'th away as fast
And giv'th them to another by and by.
And thus from man to man continually
She us'th to give and take, and slily toss
One man to winning of another's loss.

Alas the foolish people can not cease
Ne void her train, till they the harm do feel.
About her alway busily they press;
But, lord, how he doth think himself full well
That may set once his hand upon her wheel.
He holdeth fast: but upward as he flieth,
She whippeth her wheel about, and there he lieth.

She suddenly enhaunceth them aloft,
And suddenly mischieveth all the flock.
The head that late lay easily and full soft,
Instead of pillows lieth on the block.
And yet, alas, the most cruel proud mock,
The dainty mouth that ladies kissèd have,
She bringeth in the case to kiss a knave.

In changing of her course the change shew'th this:
Up start'th a knave and down there fall'th a knight,
The beggar rich and the rich man poor is,
Hatred is turned to love, love to despight.
This is her sport, thus proveth she her might;
Great boast she mak'th if one be by her power
Wealthy and wretched both within an hour.

Wherefore if thou in surety lust to stand,
Take poverty's part and let proud fortune go,

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Receive nothing that cometh from her hand:
Love manner and virtue: they be only tho[1]
Which double Fortune may not take thee fro':
Then may'st thou boldly defy her turning chance,
She can thee neither hinder nor advance.

THOMAS MORE

SOOTHSAY

WHO makes the last a pattern for next year
Turns no new leaf, but still the same thing reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

*

Our soul, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

*

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where, continuance is Hell;
And seeing the snail which everywhere doth roam
Carrying his own house still, still is at home;
Follow (for he is easy-paced) this snail,
Be thine own palace or the world's thy jail.

*

How happy's he, which hath due place assigned
To his beasts: and disafforested his mind!
Empaled himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and durst trust corn, where they have been;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest.

*

[1] those.

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Oh, to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse, we know not what we would!
Lightness depresseth us, Emptiness fills;
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.

*

In none but us are such mixed engines found
As hands of double office: for the ground
We till with them, and them to Heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or without these prays,
Doth but one half, that 's none; He which said, 'Plough,
And look not back,' to look up doth allow.

*

Some men whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their *humours*, and at seasons show.
For when through tasteless flat humility
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his *phlegm* that 's virtuous and not he.
So in the blood sometimes; whoever ran
To danger unimportuned, he was then
No better than a *sanguine*-virtuous man.
So cloistered men, who in pretence of Fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in *melancholy*, and only there.
Spiritual *choleric* critic, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this zeal virtue but in their gall.
We 're thus but parcel-gilt, to gold we 're grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who know his virtue's name or place, hath none.

DONNE

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JVSTVM ET TENACEM

THE man of life upright
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds,
And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes can not delude
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep,
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
His book the heaven he makes,
His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

CAMPION

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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice. Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This Man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath All.

WOTTON

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THE CHRISTIAN STOIC

THE virtuous man is free, though bound in chains;
Though poor, content; though banished, yet no stranger:
Though sick, in health of mind; secure in danger;
And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

Nor good haps proud, nor bad dejected make him;
To God's, not to man's will, he frames each action;
He seeks no fame but inward satisfaction;
And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes shake him.

A. W.

SUAVE MARI MAGNO

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

Digitized by Google

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as Craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

DANIEL

CONSTANCY

WHO is the honest man?
He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind.
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Digitized by Google

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing, and the example weigh.
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work, or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit.
His words, and works, and fashion, too,
All of one piece ; and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue. Virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.
Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs ; and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

HERBERT

THE PERFECT LIFE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;

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Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

JONSON

THE MASTER SPIRIT

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law;
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

CHAPMAN

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

FLETCHER

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THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,

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And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need;
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—

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'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH

CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCES

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions which would hide
And darken so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,

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In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH

JUSTICE

ALL glory else besides ends with our breath;
And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good must outlive death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts;
Power may have knees, but justice hath our hearts.

DANIEL

SACRED Religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometime dost thou sit decked,
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
What stately piles we prodigal erect,
How sweet perfumed thou art, how shining clear,
How solemnly observed, with what respect!

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Another time all plain, all quite threadbare,
Thou must have all within, and nought without:
Sit poorly without light, disrobed: no care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout,
Powerless, unfollowed; scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.

DANIEL

PERSEVERANCE IN HONOUR NECESSARY

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,

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Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

SHAKESPEARE

THE USES OF ILL SUCCESS

THE ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works;
And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,

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To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.
In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize *
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

SHAKESPEARE

* Gad-fly.

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ON DEGREE

THE heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

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Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.

SHAKESPEARE

IMAGINATION

I

LOVERS and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

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II

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.

III

Gaunt.—All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not, the king exiled thee: or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;

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The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Bolingbroke.—O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when he bites but lanceth not the sore.

SHAKESPEARE

IV

'Tis better in a play
Be Agamemnon than himself indeed.
How oft with danger of the field beset,
Or with home-mutinies, would he un-be
Himself; or, over cruel altars weeping,
Wish, that with putting off a vizard he
Might his true inward sorrow lay aside!
The shows of things are greater than themselves.
How doth it stir this airy part of us
To hear our poets tell imagined fights,
And the strange blows that feignèd courage gives!
When I Achilles hear upon the stage
Speak honour and the greatness of his soul,
Methinks I too could on a Phrygian spear
Run boldly and make tales for after times:

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But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death mars this bravery, and the ugly fears
Of the other world sit on the proudest brow;
And boasting valour loseth his red cheek.

ANON.

AFTER SEEING A MASQUE

OUR revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE

CONTENT

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought,—Content.

ANON.

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IN crystal towers and turrets richly set
With glitt'ring gems that shine against the sun,
In regal rooms of jasper and of jet,
Content of mind not always likes to won;
But oftentimes it pleaseth her to stay
In simple cots enclosed with walls of clay.

ANON.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords nor pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O, sweet content!

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Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O, sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

DEKKER

TIME'S GLORY

TIME'S glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

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To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops
And waste huge stones with little water drops.

SHAKESPEARE

TIME GOES BY TURNS

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing;—
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

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A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:

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Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

GRAY

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THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Naught so sweet as melancholy!

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill-done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

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When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallants, ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely, is divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes;
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries, fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damn'd as melancholy.

BURTON

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HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly:
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

FLETCHER

MEMORY, hither come,
And tune your merry notes:
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

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I 'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And then I 'll lie and dream
The day along:
And when night comes, I 'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darken'd valley
With silent Melancholy.

BLAKE

LIFE A BUBBLE

THIS Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometime seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

DRUMMOND

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,

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Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night:
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew 's dry'd up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot!

BEAUMONT

THE World 's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span:
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools:
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:

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Some would have children: those that have them, moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We are worse in peace;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

BACON

VAIN TEARS

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

FLETCHER

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LIFE'S STAY

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain:
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net.
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived with subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

ANON.

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CHORUS OF PRIESTS

O WEARISOME condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound:
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and Reason self-division cause.
Is it the mark or majesty of power
To make offences that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors, she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do
If Nature did not fail and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard.
Forbids us all things which it knows is lust;
Makes easy pains, impossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood,
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows, and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To lead belief in good and 'still devotion,
To preach of Heaven's wonders and delights;
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks,
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

BROOKE

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant! *
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant.

* Errand.

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Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church, it shows
  What 's good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
  Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

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Tell age it daily wasteth ;
  Tell honour how it alters ;
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
  Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
  Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
  Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
  Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
  Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

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Tell faith it 's fled the city ;
  Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity ;
  Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing :
Stab at thee he who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

RALEGH

FORLORN HOPE

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE

Be wise to-day ! tis madness to defer :
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life

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Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applaud.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves!
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:

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But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks, down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,

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But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide agony:
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the pæan
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The Sun's uprise majestical:
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then,—as clouds of even
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,—
So their plumes of purple grain
Starred with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;

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Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Noon descends around me now:
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvèd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky,
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant frost has trodden

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With his morning-wingèd feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness:
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air; the flower
Glimmering at my feet; the line
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun;
And of living things each one;
And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,—
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingèd winds had borne
To that silent isle which lies

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'Mid remembered agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony:
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folding wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
—We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical

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The inspirèd soul supplies
With its own deep melodies;
And the Love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the Earth grow young again!

SHELLEY

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—O never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O never more!

SHELLEY

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION

NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:

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The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

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Some might lament that I were cold
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan.
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not and yet regret;
Unlike this day which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

SHELLEY

A LAMENT

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be:

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On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

SHELLEY

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
With the old Moon in her arms;
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

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A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed

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To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:

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Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
Reality's dark dream!
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
Bare craig, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,

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With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

COLERIDGE

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;

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Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

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Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for Thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call Thee! I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;

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The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters ;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist ; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor ;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
The pleasant season did my heart employ :
My old remembrances went from me wholly ;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy !

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so ;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came :
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
can name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky ;
And I bethought me of the playful hare :
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care ;

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But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood:
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good:
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified;
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

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Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the Old-man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book;
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And drawing to his side, to him did say,
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the Old-man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:
And him with further words I thus bespake,
'What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—

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Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather Leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure ;
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old-man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned ; the fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

He with a smile did then his words repeat :
And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide
He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side ;

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But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old-man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind
But stately in the main: and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!'

WORDSWORTH

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PATRIOTISM

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O England, model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart!

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.

This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Shakespeare

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AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

BLAKE

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;

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High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT

LIBERTY

I

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

MILTON

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II

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths whose locks divinely spreading
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword in myrtle drest,
At wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renowned!)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leaped in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound.

COLLINS

III

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!

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O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

COLERIDGE

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

'Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt:
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

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'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!'

COWPER

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AGINCOURT

1

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
Each battle * sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band

* Army.

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Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

II

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE

What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.

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No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars:
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:

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And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS AND THEIR HARP, HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride
King Henry to deride
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;

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Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
'Though they be one to ten
Be not amazed:
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

'And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me;
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

'*Poitiers* and *Cressy* tell
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.

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Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did'st the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows * drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;

* Swords, from *Bilboa*.

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Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy!

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,*
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright;
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;

* Dash.

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O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

DRAYTON

FLODDEN FIELD

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where 's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.

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But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
  Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
  The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
  As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
  While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear

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Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

SCOTT

HAIL thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can so many crystal rills,
Such sweet clothed vallies, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines.
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can shew the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

BROWNE

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

YOU brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue;
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Digitized by Google

Britons, you stay too long:
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale,
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, leeshores nor shoals
When Eolus scowls
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soil
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

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To whom the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
Nor other cares attend
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
Above the seas that flows
The clear wind throws
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given),
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then;
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,—
Apollo's sacred tree,—
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown that may sing there.

Digitized by Google

Thy voyages attend
Industrious Hackluit
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

DRAYTON

KINGSHIP

I

Richard II.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed:
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murther'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

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For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

II

Henry IV.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

Digitized by Google

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

III

Henry V.

O hard condition!
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

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That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread:
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

IV

Henry VI.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Digitized by Google

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails; and then the wind:
Now one the better; then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain:
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock:
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,

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Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

SHAKESPEARE

QUEEN WORSHIP

I

A PRAISE OF ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA, DAUGHTER OF KING JAMES I.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

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You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the Rose is blown?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

WOTTON

II

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

(*To Queen Elizabeth*)

His golden locks time hath to silver turned:
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots and evergreen.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lover's sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age's alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in lonely cell,
He 'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—

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'Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong!'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

PEELE

III

THE DISGRACED COURTIER'S LAMENT

(*To Queen Elizabeth*)

*

(*The poet after celebrating his Mistress' divine qualities, addeth that she lacked mercy.*)

YET have these wonders want, which want compassion;
Yet hath her mind some marks of human race;
Yet will she be a woman for a fashion,
So doth she please her virtues to deface.
And like as that immortal power doth seat
An element of waters, to allay
The fiery sunbeams that on earth do beat,
And temper by cold night the heat of day,
So hath perfection, which begat her mind,
Added thereto a change of fantasy,
And left her the affections of her kind,
Yet free from every ev'l but cruelty.

(*And so one defect in the poet availed to lose him his Mistress' love.*)

And as a stream by strong hand bounded in
From nature's course where it did sometime run,
By some small rent or loose part doth begin
To find escape till it a way hath won;
Doth then all unawares in sunder tear
The forced bounds, and raging run at large

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In the ancient channels as they wonted were ;
  Such is of women's love the careful charge,—
Held and maintained with multitude of woes ;
  Of long erections such the sudden fall ;
One hour diverts, one instant overthrows,
  For which our lives, for which our fortune's thrall
So many years those joys have dearly bought ;
  Of which when our fond hopes do most assure,
All is dissolved ; our labours come to nought ;
  Nor any mark thereof there doth endure.
But as the fields, clothed with leaves and flowers
  The banks of roses smelling precious sweet
Have but their beauty's date and timely hours,
  And then defaced by winter's cold and sleet,
So far, as neither fruit nor form of flower
  Stays for a witness what such branches bare,
But as time gave, time did again devour,
  And change our rising joy to falling care :
So of affection which our youth presented ;
  When she that from the sun reaves power and light[1]
Did but decline her beams as discontented,
  Converting sweetest days to saddest night,
All droops, all dies, all trodden under dust,
  The person, place, and passages forgotten ;
The hardest steel eaten with softest rust,
  The firm and solid tree both rent and rotten.

(*Hope therefore is dead in him, but not love.*)

With youth is dead the hope of Love's return
  Who looks not back to hear our after-cries :
Where he is not he laughs at those that mourn :
  Whence he is gone, he scorns the mind that dies.

[1] Cynthia.

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When he is absent, he believes no words ;
  When reason speaks, he careless stops his ears ;
Whom he hath left he never grace affords,
  But bathes his wings in our lamenting tears.
Sorrow was my revenge, and woe my hate ;
  I powerless was to alter my desire ;
My love is not of time nor bound to date ;
  My heart's internal heat and living fire
Would not, nor could, be quenched with sudden showers ;
  My bound respect was not confined to days,
My vowèd faith not set to ended hours ;
  I love the bearing and not bearing sprays
Which now to others do their sweetness send ;
  The incarnate, snow-driven white, and purest azure
Who from high heaven doth on their fields descend,
  Filling their barns with grain, and towers with treasure.
Erring, or never erring, such is love
  As, while it lasteth, scorns the account of those
Seeking but self-contentment to improve,
  And hides, if any be, his inward woes.
But thou my weary soul and heavy thought,
  Made by her love a burthen to my being,
Dost know my error never was forethought,
  Nor ever could proceed from sense of loving.
Of other cause if then it had proceeding
  I leave th' excuse, sith judgment hath been given ;
The limbs divided, sundered, and a-bleeding
  Cannot complain the sentence was uneven.

(*The poet's occupation is gone.*)

She cares not for thy praise, who knows not theirs ;
  It 's now an idle labour, and a tale

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Told out of time, that dulls the hearer's ears,
A merchandise whereof there is no sale.
Leave them, or lay them up with thy despairs;
She hath resolved and judged thee long ago.
Thy lines are now a murmuring to her ears,
Like to a falling stream, which passing slow,
Is wont to nourish sleep and quietness;
So shall thy painful labours be perused,
And draw on rest, which sometime had regard,
But those her cares thy errors have excused.

(*Sorrow, and the voice of sorrow, are alike vain.*)

But stay,- my thoughts, make end: give fortune way:
Harsh is the voice of woe and sorrow's sound:
Complaints cure not, and tears do but allay
Griefs for a time which after more abound.
To seek for moisture in the Arabian sands
Is but a loss of labour and of rest:
The links which time did break of hearty bands
Words cannot knit, or wailings make anew.
Seek not the sun in clouds when it is set . . .
On highest mountains, where those cedars grew,
Against whose banks the troubled ocean beat,
And were the marks to find thy hopèd port,
Into a soil far off themselves remove.
On Sestus' shore, Leander's late resort,
Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love.
Thou look'st for light in vain, and storms arise;
She sleeps thy death, that erst thy danger sighed;
Strive then no more: bow down thy watery eyes—
Eyes which to all these woes thy heart did guide.
She is gone, she is lost, she is found, she is ever fair:
Sorrow draws weakly, where love draws not too:

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Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear.
Do then by dying what life cannot do.
Unfold thy flocks, and leave them to the fields,
To feed on hills, or dales, where likes them best,
Of what the summer or the springtime yields,
For love and time have given thee leave to rest.

(*L'envoy.*)

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on;
Yet every foot, old thoughts turn back mine eyes:
Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
Against the hill, which over-weighty lies
For feeble arms or wasted strength to move:
My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
My mind's affection, and my soul's sole love,
Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.
To God I leave it, Who first gave it me,
And I her gave, and she returned again,
As it was hers; so let His mercies be
Of my last comforts the essential mean.

But be it so or not, the effects are past;
Her love hath end; my woe must ever last.

RALEGH

UPON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES I.

GREAT, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

MONTROSE

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HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil th' unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star:

And like the three-forked lightning first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

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'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain:
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

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That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands :

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd[1] power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ;

[1] Fated.

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Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year!

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric[1] be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid—

[1] Dangerous.

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Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

MARVELL

ENGLAND AFTER THE CIVIL WARS

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

See how the flowers as at parade
Under their colours stand displayed:
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut;
And sleeps so too; but if once stirred
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
O thou, that dear and happy isle
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou paradise of the four seas,

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Which heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry, if not flaming, sword;
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal, and thee waste!
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?

MARVELL

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song:
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,

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And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!'
—Thus sung they in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

MARVELL

AH no. To distant climes, a dreary scene
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

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Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

GOLDSMITH

BRITISH CLIMATE AND FREEDOM

My genius spreads her wing
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan
And learns to venerate himself as man.

GOLDSMITH

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A PROPHECY OF FREE TRADE

(*The Thames speaks*)

THY trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their woods
And half thy forests rush into thy floods;
Tempt icy seas where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold;
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

POPE

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

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No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE

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SEA SONG

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As we sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle, *etc.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle, *etc.*

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The meteor flag of England
  Yet shall terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
  And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
  Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
  When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
  And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

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But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun,
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day:

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While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

CAMPBELL

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

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Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

Digitized by Google

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER

BATTLE SONG

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! the knell is rung
Of us or them;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collared hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pensioned slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of the Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But dark and still, we inly glow,
Condensed in ire!
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land;

Digitized by Google

Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

ELLIOTT

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

COLLINS

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ART

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A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Keats

Spite of cormorant devouring Time
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge.

Shakespeare

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ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
  What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on:
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  For ever piping songs for ever new;

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More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS

THE POWER OF MUSIC

I

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing:

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To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

FLETCHER

II

Lorenzo.—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn.

Jessica.—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo.—The reason is your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

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Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

SHAKESPEARE

III

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes
And stole upon the air, that even silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

*

Comus.—Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings

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Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of Darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs;
Who as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

MILTO

IV

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try;
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

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Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

COWLEY

TWO SONGS FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

I

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.

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From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What Passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of helpless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

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But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

II

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove

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Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

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Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying;

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If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once opprest
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,

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How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

DRYDEN

THE PASSIONS

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,

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Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange and mingled air
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;

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And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired.
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

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But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

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As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS

TO A LADY

WITH A GUITAR

Ariel to Miranda:—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.

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For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lift you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity:
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still,
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

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The artist who this viol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,

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As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way:
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For one beloved Friend alone.

SHELLEY

If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds and muses, on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they 'still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.

MARLOWE

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THE POET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

EXERT thy voice, sweet harbinger of Spring!
This moment is thy time to sing,
This moment I attend to praise,
And set my numbers to thy lays;
Free as thine shall be my song,
As thy music, short or long;
Poets wild as thou were born,
Pleasing best when unconfined,
When to please is least designed,
Soothing but their cares to rest;
Cares do still their thoughts molest,
And still th' unhappy poet's breast,
Like thine, when best he sings, is placed
against a thorn.
She begins! Let all be still!
Muse, thy promise now fulfil!
Sweet, oh, sweet! still sweeter yet!
Can thy words such accents fit?
Canst thou syllables refine,
Melt a sense that shall retain
Still some spirit of the brain,
Till with sounds like those it join?
'Twill not be! then change thy note,
Let division shake thy throat!
Hark! division now she tries,
Yet as far the Muse out flies.

LADY WINCHILSEA

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ON THE MUSE OF POETRY

In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,

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She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.

WITHER

THE POET'S AUDIENCE

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know;
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;
And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungraced, and die but in neglect.
And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this,
He is to me a theatre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow;
That is my all, and all I am is his.

DANIEL

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HUMANER LETTERS

O BLESSED letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all.
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call;
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what does us befall.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, Spirit and Nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathise,
As nourished with their powers, enjoy their parts.

Soul of the World, Knowledge, without thee
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

DANIEL

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.

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'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKSPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less
Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova[1] dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison

[1] Seneca.

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Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he[1]
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

[1] That man.

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Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

JONSON

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKSPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

MILTON

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MILTON'S INVOCATION TO LIGHT

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,

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Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

HIS INVOCATION TO THE MUSE:

THE POEM HALF FINISHED

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing!
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou

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Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom, thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not wrapped above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

MILTON

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ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But comest a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's Poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat;
On whose enamelled side
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

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Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature! learn my tale.

COLLINS

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

I

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

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Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

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II

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame;
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,

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How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound;
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
'This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

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He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

GRAY

TO RICHARD BENTLEY

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

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See, in their course, each transitory thought
  Fixed by his touch a lasting essence take ;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
  To local symmetry and life awake !
The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
  To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
  And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.
Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
  His quick creation, his unerring line ;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
  And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.
But not to one in this benighted age
  Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
  The pomp and prodigality of heaven.
As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
  The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
  And dazzle with a luxury of light.
Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
  My lines a secret sympathy impart ;
And as their pleasing influence flows confest,
  A sigh of soft reflection heave the heart.

GRAY

THE POET GROWING OLD

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of Spring ;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

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No faint and hesitating trill
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely red-breast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor does the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow.

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

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Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe, woe to tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce, vindictive song.

And not unhallow'd was the page
By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion sway'd
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were indeed a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust.
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!

WORDSWORTH

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ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee;
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings;
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! *then* if mine had been the painter's hand
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile:
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

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A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more:
I have submitted to a new control;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been;
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have been the friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

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Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here;—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WORDSWORTH

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,—
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

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He is a portion of the loveliness
  Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
  Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling
    there
  All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
  To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's
    light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
  May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
  And death is a low mist which cannot blot
  The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
  And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy
    air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
  Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal
    thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
  Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
  Yet faded from him: Sidney as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved
  Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—
Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing reproved.

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And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry;
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou vesper of our throng.'

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference; then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh not of him but of our joy. 'Tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

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Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,

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If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh! hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY

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THE POET SHELLEY

MIDST others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and
their prey.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart
may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress-cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that
crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

SHELLEY

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MOTHER of Hermes and still youthful Maia!
May I sing to thee
As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ?
Or may I woo thee
In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles
Seek as they once were sought in Grecian isles
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears,
Rounded by thee my song should die away
Content as theirs
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

KEATS

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

LANDOR

TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

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Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
  Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
  Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
  Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
  Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
  That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
  The sound is forced, the notes are few!

BLAKE

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NOTES TO VOL. I.

P. 3. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 324-354. *And when Love speaks*, etc. The sense of this difficult passage seems to be that Love possesses all the attributes of the individual deities, and his voice is a harmony of all their voices.

P. 7. Walsingham was, next to St. Thomas's tomb at Canterbury, the favourite shrine of pilgrimage in old England; the milky way was sometimes called the Walsingham way.

P. 9. 'The Heart's Venture' is not a sonnet, but an extract from a song in *Britannia's Pastorals*; from which comes also 'Shall I tell you whom I love?' (p. 4.) Keats found Browne full of inspiration; his debt to him is one which critics have yet to recognise and estimate.

P. 10. The anonymous lyrics, unless it is otherwise stated, are borrowed from Mr. Bullen's volumes of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*. 'My love in her attire' is from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

P. 12. *Gentle as falcon.* 'Falcon-gentle, so called for her gentle and courteous condition and fashions.'—Turbervile, quoted by Dyce in his edition of Skelton. He explains 'hawk of the tower' to mean a hawk that towers aloft. *Isaphill* is Hypsipyle, a queen of Lemnos who saved her father's life, when the other men on the island were murdered by the women. *Coliander* is coriander, an aromatic; *Pomander*, a ball of perfumes; *Cassander*, Cassandra, quoted for her chastity. In l. 20 the texts read, 'As patient and *as* still,' which spoils the rhythm.

P. 13. *Margerain* is marjoram; primĕrose is written with a central *e* for the metre's sake, although Dyce does not record such a spelling.

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P. 14, l. 15. *Staineth.* To 'stain' is to take out colour; Stella's brightness is at once the glory and despair of her sex. (Cf. the refrain of Chaucer's ballade, vol. ii. p. 7.)

P. 15, l. 10. I venture to print *thorough* instead of *through*, to match the metre of the last line in the other stanzas.

P. 16. It may be noted here once more that this spontaneous little song, 'To Celia,' is carefully composed from various scraps of the Love Letters of Philostratus, a Greek rhetorician of the second century A.D.

P. 17. This order of the stanzas in 'Ask me no more' is found in the *Academy of Compliments*, and it has the advantage of removing the weakest verse from the beginning, and placing May before June.

P. 19. It should be remembered to the credit of Archbishop Trench that he discovered and printed in his *Household Book of Poetry* the beautiful lyric 'To Laura' before Mr. Bullen revived Campion's fame in this generation.

P. 20. It still remains a mystery who A. W. may be. His verses appeared in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

P. 22. The text of Drummond is from the Maitland Club reprint of the 1616 edition, which was the last published in the poet's lifetime. *Memnon's Mother* is Aurora, but the expression has no special aptness. The eyes 'by Penéus' streams' were Daphne's, who was the daughter of the River-god. The reference in the lines that follow is to the recorded appearance at Rome of two suns at once; on which see Pliny, *Natural History*. The 'purple ports (*i.e.* gates) of death' must mean lips, the bliss of kissing which makes the lover swoon.

P. 23. The metre of this serenade of Herrick's is borrowed from some verses in Jonson's masque, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed.*

'The fiery beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you,'
A moon of light
In the noon of night
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you

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The wheel of Fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run aye in the way
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you!'

P. 26, l. 3. It is hard to believe that Mr. Allingham is not right in altering 'fail' to 'pine'; in so symmetrical a stanza a false rhyme is a blot, and 'fail' occurs in the rhyme subsequently.

P. 35, l. 8. *And I mine own*, i.e. And I be mine own.

P. 37. The text of these verses of Montrose is taken from the Appendix to Napier's *Memoirs*; certain stanzas are omitted.

P. 42, l. 3. '*Chimneys*' is for 'chimney-piece.' Cotgrave has 'cheminée, a chimney, also a chimney-piece of tapistrie or of mason's work;' here of tapestry, into which Myra worked her lover's name.

P. 49. This interesting poem is printed in Underwood's among Laureate verses. As the text can hardly be correct as it stands there, a word has been omitted from each of the two lines, 'My thoughts *too* feel the influence' and 'By *fond* imagination.'

P. 61. The verses entitled 'Sorrow' are from *Mary Magdalen's Tears*; but their sentiment seemed more appropriate to this than to the religious section of the anthology.

P. 65, l. 7. The reading 'birds' for 'gods' was due to a suggestion of Dr. Percy; it is not judicious, because it would anticipate the third stanza, and it misses the poet's meaning, that the servant of the 'divine Althea' knows even greater freedom than the god of love himself and all the Cupids.

P. 67. Donne has paid the natural penalty of putting his learning into his poetry; the learning has dragged the poetry with it to oblivion. But few poets, whose restoration to light has been in these last days attempted, so well repay the descent into limbo. For 'the trepidation of the spheres' cf. *Paradise Lost*.

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P. 69. *Faery Queene*, iv. 6. 29; v. 6. 5.

P. 79, l. 28. *Barnaby the bright* is St. Barnabas' Day, June 11. There was an old saying, 'Barnaby Bright, the longest day and the shortest night.'

P. 82, l. 15. Mr. Bullen conjectures 'harebells dim'; in that case the 'spring-time's harbinger' will be the primrose, as in fact it is.

P. 87. *Hymen's Triumph*, i. 1; *Paradise Lost*, iv. 641-656.

P. 90. To Miss Charlotte Pulteney. This and other poems upon children in the same seven-syllable metre earned for Philips the contemptuous nickname of *Namby-pamby*, his name being Ambrose. It was coined by Carey, author of *Sally in our Alley*, and has survived in the language.

P. 91. From *Poems for Children* by Charles and Mary Lamb; assigned by Professor Palgrave, no doubt rightly, to the latter.

P. 97. 'A Sister.' To these verses Wordsworth refers in *A Farewell* (1802)—

> 'And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
> Of which I sang one song that will not die.'

P. 98. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 62-75; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 198-214; *As You Like It*, i. 3. 69-72; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 68-79.

P. 99. Katherine Philips was known in her own day as 'the matchless Orinda.' For an account of her sentimental coterie, see Mr. Gosse's *Seventeenth-Century Studies*.

P. 102. Coleridge's *Christabel*.

P. 110. The subject of these lines of Donne is said by Isaak Walton to have been the mother of George Herbert.

P. 115. It may seem an unpardonable sacrilege to omit any portion of Wordsworth's great ode, but only so much as was general in sentiment seemed appropriate to this anthology; and both first and last sections deal with particular experiences.

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The opening was composed two years before the rest of the poem. In regard to the doctrine of pre-existence it should be remarked that the poet himself protests against the idea that he meant to inculcate it as a belief. 'It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. I took hold of the notion as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use I could of it as a poet.'

P. 124. The last paragraph of 'Verse and Age' was published four years after the others, *i.e.* in 1832, and under a different title; but it seems to belong to them.

P. 127. From Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Old Mortality*.

P. 128. It would be out of place here to annotate Milton. The reader who requires help will find stores of notes in Todd; and, for the lyrics, in Warton and Prof. Hales' Shorter English Poems. The chief difficulties of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* arise from the necessary terseness of the octosyllabic metre, which sometimes obscures the syntax, sometimes the image. Thus, of the first kind of obscurity, it is not clear *who* is 'to come in spite of sorrow' to the poet's window, Mirth or the lark, or *who* tells the goblin story, or *when* 'towered cities' are pleasing. Of the other class of difficulties, the best instance is the description of a dream towards the end of *Il Penseroso*. The poet has not made it plain to us of what substance the dream is imagined to be, and so we miss the connection expressed by '*at* his wings.' Warton proposed to omit *at*, and take the wings to be the Dream's, not Sleep's; another proposal is to read '*an* aery stream.'

P. 138. 'Self-Ignorance,' and the passage from Davies on p. 140, are from *Nosce Teipsum*. By 'the wisest of all moral men,' and 'the great mocking-master,' are meant Socrates and Democritus. The last stanza suggests a passage in Matthew Arnold's *A Southern Night*—

'We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops with care-fill'd breast

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The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,
And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.'

P. 139. 1 *Tamburlaine*, ii. 7.

P. 141. *A Treatie of Humane Learning*, §§ 54, 64, 129, 132, 133, 143.

P. 142. The *ballade*, through its revival some time since in France and England, is now a familiar form of verse; another of Chaucer's will be found in vol. ii. p. 7. A few words have been modernised:—*tickleness* means 'instability'; *savour*, 'live the life of pleasure'; *rede*, 'advise'; *daunte*, 'tame'; *buxomness*, 'obedience'; *it is no dread*, 'there is no doubt.'

P. 143. Sir Thomas More's verse has been curiously overlooked; manuals and anthologies of English literature know it not. If the reader will compare More's handling of the *rime royal* with Sackville's (ii. 64), he will agree that More is nearer Spenser than Sackville (who is generally called his forerunner), although More is some half-century the senior. A roughness to our ears in More's lines arises from his practice of eliding the vowel in the termination *-eth*; this must point to a pronunciation of his day; cf. in Chaucer's ballade on the previous page, *standt* for 'standeth.' The fourth line of the tenth stanza reads in the folio, 'instead of pillows lieth after on the block.' The reader will not fail to note that More was himself a more than usually pathetic instance of the fortune he thus deplores.

P. 146. *Soothsay*. These stanzas are from various letters: the first two to Sir Henry Goodere; the third to Sir Henry Wotton; the fourth to Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury; the fifth and sixth to the Countess of Bedford; the last to the Lady Carey. They are probably less well known than Herbert's *Church Porch*, of which they were the model. To understand the last quotation it must be recollected that man was supposed to be made up of four elements (see the quotation from Marlowe, p. 139), each of which

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contributed a *humour* to his body, from the preponderance of any one of which arose his settled 'humour' or 'complexion.'

P. 150. Daniel's lines are from an 'Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland'; those on p. 157 are from *Musophilus*. Except the passage printed on p. 87 very little of Daniel's verse is generally known; but it well deserves a modern edition. Coleridge says of him:—'Read Daniel, the admirable Daniel; the style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare.'—(*Table-Talk*, Bohn's ed., p. 278.)

P. 153. Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy*, quoted by Lamb; Fletcher's *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*; the whole of this last is a very spirited piece, aimed at astrology. A great deal of Browning's teaching, for instance, is condensed in these lines—

> 'Affliction when I know it is but this,
> A deep alloy whereby man tougher is
> To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,
> We still arise more image of his will.'

P. 156. *Excursion*, Book IV. Compare a line of Vaughan, which perhaps was the germ of this passage—

> 'Mists make but triumphs for the day.'

Pp. 158-9. *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 145-179; i. 3. 3-54. In the last line 'returns' is Pope's conjecture for the folio 'retires'; Dyce reads 'retorts,' which is the sense wanted.

P. 161. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 85-124.

Pp. 162-5. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 4-22; *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 219-232; *Richard II.* i. 3. 275-303; the play of *Nero*; and *Tempest*, iv. 1. 148-158.

P. 167. *Lucrece*, 939-959.

P. 169. This ode was apparently never finished, since a quatrain is found in the texts after the second stanza, and another with various fragmentary lines at the end. But the poem is complete without them.

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P. 177. From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

P. 178. *Mustapha.* In l. 16 *is* should probably be *we.*

P. 179. 'The Lie' is printed from the text of Canon Hannah; he disposes of the legend that it was written the night before Ralegh's execution by showing that it was in print in 1608, and in MS. probably ten years earlier (*Courtly Poets*, pp. 23, 220). The verses he did write the night before his death are the following; they were written in the Bible which he gave to Dean Tounson—

> 'Even such is Time, that takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days;
> But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

P. 181. *Macbeth*, v. 5. 19-28; *Night Thoughts*, i. 390-433.

P. 183. Not quite half of Shelley's poem is here printed.

P. 205. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.

P. 206. *Samson Agonistes*, 1268-1286; *Ode to Liberty*, i.; *Ode to France*, i.

P. 210. *Henry V.* Act iv. Prologue; iii. 18-67.

P. 217. *Marmion*, Canto vi., part of xxxiii., xxxiv.

P. 219. From *Britannia's Pastorals.*

P. 219. 'An expedition sent by Sir Walter Ralegh explored Pamlico Sound; and the country they discovered, a country where in their poetic fancy "men lived after the manner of the Golden Age," received from Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, the name of Virginia. But the first permanent settlement on the Chesapeake was effected in the beginning of the reign of James I., and its success was due to the conviction of the settlers that the secret of the New World's conquest lay simply in labour. Among the hundred and five colonists who originally

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landed, forty-eight were gentlemen, and only twelve were tillers of the soil. Their leader, John Smith, however, not only explored the vast bay of Chesapeake, and discovered the Potomac and Susquehannah, but held the little company together in the face of famine and desertion till the colonists had learnt the lesson of toil. In fifteen years the colony numbered five thousand souls.'—(Green's *Short History*, p. 491.) *Industrious Hackluit* is the Rev. Richard Hakluyt, author of *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, etc. He was 'one of the chief promoters of the petition to the King for patents for the colonisation of Virginia, and was afterwards one of the chief adventurers in the London or South Virginian Company.'—(*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

P. 222. *Richard II.* iii. 2. 155-177; 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 4-31; *Henry V.* iv. 1. 250-301; 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 5. 1-54. These parallel passages on 'Ceremony' supply a study in kingship. Richard's idea of kingship is that of divine right—'the right divine of kings to govern wrong'; and when this is disregarded, nothing is left. Henry IV., his supplanter, substitutes might for right, but retains the idea of kingship as that which has a claim on other men rather than that on which they have a claim. His son, Henry V., joins right with might; he inherits the traditional idea of kingship, but by his self-denying conduct contradicts it; his son, again, 'the royal saint,' has more than all his father's good intentions, but none of his power, and so relapses into the evil fortune of Richard. He is king 'by the wrath of God'; he is the only one of the four who would willingly have exchanged conditions with the 'homely swain.'

P. 227. To these praises of the Lady Elizabeth's beauty we may add Vaughan's lines on her misfortunes:—

> 'Thou seem'st a rosebud born in snow,
> A flower of purpose sprung to bow
> To heedless tempests and the rage
> Of an incensed stormy age.
> . . . . . .
> And yet as balm-trees gently spend
> Their tears for those that do them rend,
> Thou didst nor murmur nor revile,
> But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.'

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P. 229. Ralegh's long unfinished poem 'To Cynthia,' from which this is an extract, was first published from the Hatfield MSS. in Hannah's *Courtly Poets*.

P. 231, l. 27. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, iv. 12. 28—

> 'It's late in death of danger to advise,
> Or love forbid him that is life denay'd.'

P. 233. See Napier's *Memoirs of Montrose*, App. pp. 27-9.

P. 234. Mr. Aitken, in his welcome edition of Marvell's Poems, paraphrases the fourth and fifth stanzas thus: 'Restless Cromwell first broke his fiery way through his own party; for to ambition rivals and enemies are the same, and with ambitious men to restrain their energies is more than to oppose them.'

P. 238. *Appleton House*, 309-334.

P. 241. *The Deserted Village*, 341-362; *Traveller*, 317-334.

P. 242. *Windsor Forest*, 385-402.

P. 244, l. 15. The first edition had 'where Blake, the boast of freedom,' Nelson being still alive.

P. 250. The original title of this piece was 'Ode written in the beginning of the year 1746.'

P. 255. *Merchant of Venice*, v. 54-88.

P. 256. *Comus*, 244-264; 555-562.

P. 271, 1. *Tamburlaine*, v. 1. Lamb, who speaks of the difficulty of 'culling a few sane lines' from this play must have lost patience before reaching the fifth act, for he could never have missed seeing the beauty of this passage.

P. 273. *The Shepherd's Hunting*, 4th Eclogue.

Pp. 274-5. From '*Musophilus*, containing a general defence of learning.'

P. 276, l. 14. William Basse (whose name is familiar to

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readers of Walton's *Angler*) had written an elegy on Shakespeare, beginning—

> 'Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
> To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie
> A little nearer Spenser, to make room
> For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.'

These lines of Jonson were among the commendatory verses prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works. 'What Ben Jonson did for Shakespeare,' says Archbishop Trench, 'Cartwright, and more briefly Cleveland, have done in turn for Jonson; Denham for Cowley; Cowley for Crashaw; Carew for Donne; Marvell for Milton; Dryden for Oldham. There is not one of these that may not be read with profit by the careful student of English literature.' This is quite true; but it is no less true that very few of all these panegyrics are inspired by the Muse. The Archbishop calls Dryden's lines on Oldham 'the finest and most affecting epitaph in the English language.' The opening couplet is fine—

> 'Farewell, too little and too lately known,
> Whom I began to think and call my own'—

but there the fineness and the pathos end. One interesting passage from Carew on Donne may be quoted here:—

> 'Thou mayst claim
> From so great disadvantage greater fame,
> Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
> Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
> With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
> Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout
> For their soft melting phrases. . . .
> "Here lies a king that ruled as he thought fit
> The universal monarchy of wit."'

P. 279. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 1-55; vii. 1-39.

P. 282, l. 16. *Her*, the nightingale; *Electra's Poet*, Sophocles. Two verses are omitted. In the last but one, 'Faint's' should be *Faints*.

P. 287. This Richard Bentley was the son of the great classical scholar; he was the friend of Walpole and Gray, and helped

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the former in his decoration of Strawberry Hill. It was for Walpole's edition of Gray's Poems (1753) that he furnished the set of six drawings here eulogised.

P. 288. To these poems of Wordsworth about his art the reader may add, if he pleases, *A Poet's Epitaph* and *Extempore Effusion upon the death of James Hogg*.

P. 292, l. 13. The loss was of his brother John, whose vessel struck on a rock on the voyage to India. Sir George Beaumont, although a connoisseur of fine taste, will probably be immortalised by Wordsworth rather than by his own pictures. He may be remembered, too, as one of the founders of the National Gallery, and the donor of the Michael Angelo relief to the Royal Academy.

P. 293. Shelley's *Adonais* is too long to be printed here entire; the more personal verses on Keats and on himself are extracted.

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